

OLD
Jacobs Accompt

Cast up and owned by one
of his Seed,

A young Lady, &c.

OR A

S E R M O N

PREACHED

At Laurance Jury, Feb. 13. 1654.

At the Funerall of the Honorable and
Most Virtuous Lady

SUSANNA REYNOLDS

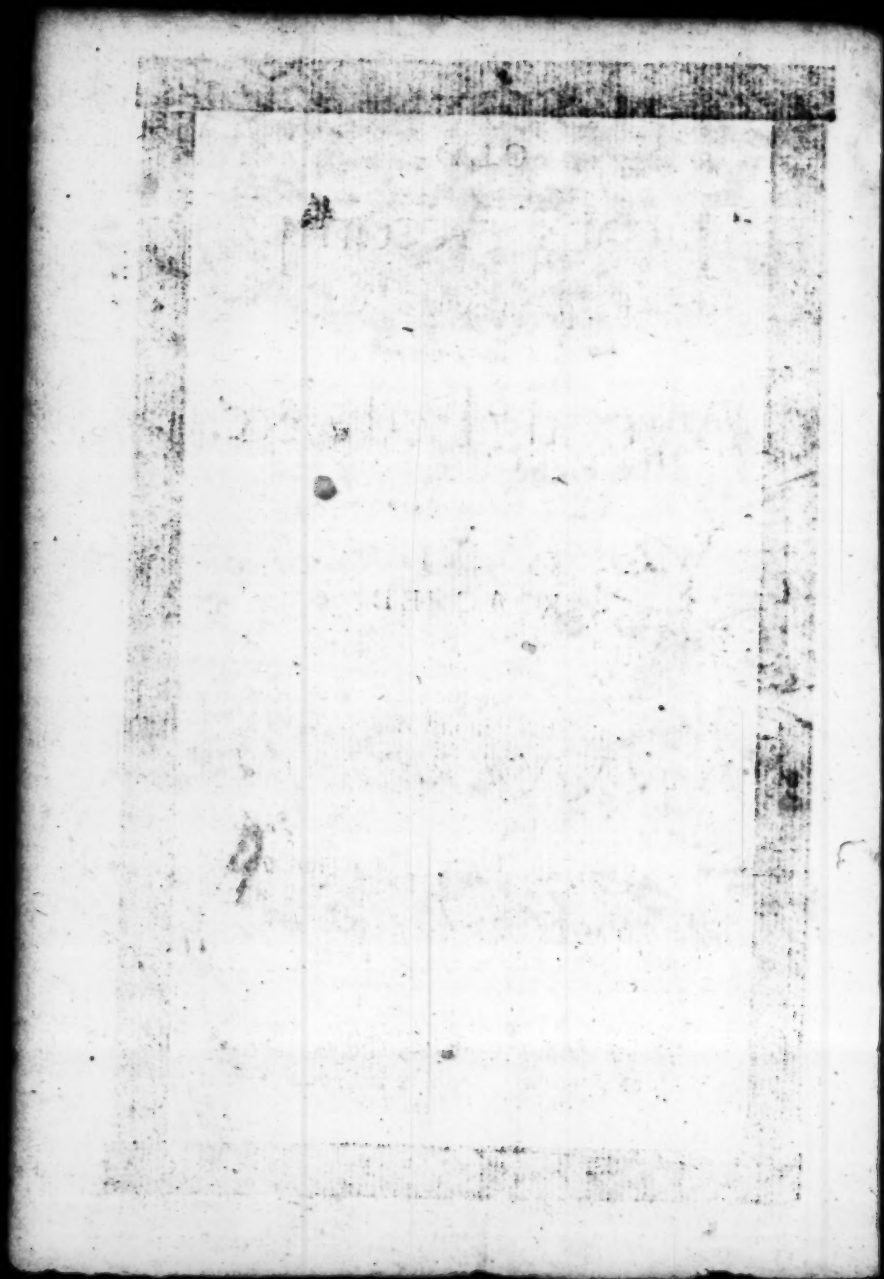
Wife to the Honorable

Commiss. Gen. Reynolds.

By THOMAS HARRISON, Preacher
of the Gospel.

LONDON,

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To the truly Noble, Commis-
sary-General Reynolds,

Honoured Sir,

TAccount this Discourse, as holding no proportion with the Greatness of the Occasion which brought it forth, nor with the rest of that Evening-Service, on which it was brought forth (there-being nothing mean in that Funeral but the Sermon) so also unmeet to make one amongst so many already extant upon this subject: And the truth is, ~~unless the Law of the Spirit of life, which is in Christ Ie-~~ ~~for he with us, to free us from the power of sin, and~~ to prepare us for death, this will but prove to some at present, an Object to provoke their contempt, and hereafter a Witness to aggravate their impenitency. However, I resist not its going forth, so our Lord may in any sort serve himself therewith; Any of his find any sweetness or helpfulness in it: My great observance towards your self,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Self, be blessed by it, and the lustre of her Name and Memory not darkened from it: Who really was, and universally was known to be, one of the chiefest Ornaments of her Sex, in this Nation.

Sir, You have it now not only under my hand, but before many Witnesses, that I am

SIR,

Dunstons in the
East, this 16th
of 12th. Mo.
1654.

Your affectionate
Servant, to love
and honor your
Person, Graces,
and Virtues.

T. H.

Old *Jacobs* account cast up, and
owned by one of his Seed, a
young Lady, &c.

GEN. 47. 9.

*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,
and have not attained, unto the days of the years
of the life of my Fathers, in the days of their Pil-
grimage.*



These are the words of the Patriarch *Jacob*, and with what evidence of truth, might that Daughter of *Abraham*, whose Exequies we now celebrate, stand up and say them after him, *Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, &c.* Yea excepting the number of his yeers (in that indeed more happy then he) I think we may all repeat them after him, as will better appear in the sequel.

A subject not unseasonable for our thoughts at any time; for our whole life should be, as Philosophers could say, a continual meditation of death; much less then unseasonable, when God doth offer unto us, either in our selves, or others about us, some eminent occasions and provocations to such meditations.

our common consideration, and we may reduce them into these three Propositions or Conclusions.

1. *Our life here is but a Pilgrimage.*
2. *The days of this our Pilgrimage are but few.*
3. *These few days of our Pilgrimage are evil.*

To begin with the first of these, from the last word in the Text; *Our life here is but a Pilgrimage*; this was shadowed out in the continuall sitings of the Patriarchs, they dwelt but in Tents and Tabernacles, and did never stick to confesse *that they were but Pilgrimes and strangers upon earth*, as the Holy Ghost bears them witness, *Heb. 11. 13.* Aye they might well say so, may some think, for they had not yet obtained the Land of promise; but was it so afterwards? yes, mark what *David* says, when he was King of the Country, King I say, of that country, in comparison of whose Inhabitants, all Nations besides were strangers, and that not then, when he was out-lawed by *Absalom*, and went weeping up the Mount of *Olives*; but in the time of his solem joy and festivity, when his Son *Salomon* was installed as his successor, *1 Chron. 29. 14. 15.* *All things (saith he) come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee, for we are strangers before thee, and Sojourners as were all our fore-Fathers.*

And therefore he calls the Church a Tabernacle, *Psal. 15. 1.* *Lord who shall dwell in thy Tabernacle:* And *Peter*, the time of our life, a being in this Tabernacle; *2. Pet. 1. 13.*

Our Lord *Jesus*, whose members we are, was born in an Inn, a lodging for strangers: in his life time, he had not a house where to lay his head, and when he was dead, he was buried in another mans Sepulchre.

Sepulchre, and the price of his blood did buy a field for the burial of strangers, nor were these onely strangers in *Israel*, for we may all subscribe in the same schedule, every man is an *Hebrew*, a Passenger, a *Gersham*, a stranger in the Land, *Habrai*, i.e. transitors from *Gnabar migrare*, And no marvel, for while we are here, we are absent from our Fathers house, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. 6. and from the best of our friends, our elder brother, Christ Jesus, and all our fellow brethren, the glorified Saints and Angels, we are absent from our own home, our house is in Heaven: When this Earthly Tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens, 2 *Cor.* 5. 1. Houses indeed we have here, as Foxes have their holes, and Birds their nests, and Bees their hives, to be chased and driven from them; but here we have no continuing City: *In my Fathers House*, saith Christ, *are many Mansions*, or settled dwellings, there must be our abode, that's our long home, *Beth Gpolam*, our house of Eternity, and there lyes our means, that Inheritance that fades not away, is reserved for us in the Heavens. Many profitable instructions we learn from hence. As,

Use 1. Not to seek great things for our selves; 'tis the same Use that God by *Jeremy* makes upon the like occasion, *Fer.* 45. 4. 5. saith he to *Barach*, *I will break down and pluck up this whole Land*, it shall be given up into the hands of strangers, thou must but Sojourn a while in it, *and seekest thou great things for thy self, seek them not*: Travellers do not seek for honours and offices in the way as they go, all their care is, how they may pass well and quietly

ly on, they do not look over every Pale, nor step aside into every corn-field, when as they have enough at home; if we have but as much as will bear our charges by the way, as will carry us to our journeys end, we need not care much: or if they do traffique, buy or sell in the way, it is but for some Viands, some necessaries in the way, or to advance their estate at home: We who are Citizens of another corporation, must meddle no more with the world, then needs must; if we have any thing to do with it, it must be to get some competent provision for the way, or to make us a fairer and surer estate in our Country, to further our reckoning there, *Phil. 4. 17.*

2. Not to take too much pleasure in the things of the world: Travellers do not set their hearts up on their Inn, which they know they must leave the next morning: The *Rechabites* that lived in Tents as strangers, would not drink wine or strong drink, to make their hearts merry. If we had all the comforts of this Inn, yet we must rejoyce, but sparingly, remissly in it, as if we rejoyced not, as *Paul* doth counsel us, *1 Cor. 7. 30. Let them that rejoyce, be as though they rejoyced not;* for the fashion of this world passeth away, it is at the best but a feast of Tabernacles; do not stay too long upon any thing. *Arise, depart this is not your rest, Micha 2. 10.*

3. To abstain from fleshly lusts; and this use the Apostle *Peter* would have us make of it, *1 Pet. 1. 11. Dearly beloved, saith he, as strangers and Pilgrimes, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;* these like thieves will wound us in our travell, these were they that undid the People of *Israel*, as they were going to *Canaan*, they fell a lusting after the daughters

daughters of *Moab*, and so fell short of their Country; 'tis not for Travelers to lye guzzling in every Ale-house, 'tis not for these Travellers to go a whoring after these earthly things.

4. To look for hard entertainment; Dogs will be barking at strangers, be they never so honest, and Travellers must look for foul weather, and ill way, and homely fare, and strange usage, all these must we look for in this life: many a cursed *Dog* will be barking at us, many a *Shimei* will be cursing; much hard measure, and much foul weather, must we have with the world, and yet we must ride on, and in patience possess our souls, and to that end consider we that our God hath provided us some comfort, to wear out the tediousness of the way: He hath given us his Statutes to be our songs in the house of our Pilgrimage, *Psal. 119. 34.* To make merry within our journey, as *David* speaks: *Nay, he himself will go along and sojourn with us, as he promised to go down with Jacob into Egypt*, his Cloud his presence, shall be our defence, and we may send home every day, by our prayers, for such things as we want here; and for letting forward our business at home: Christ our *Joseph*, is gon before us to make all ready for us; and we may have an answer at any time from him, we hear from him every week, and we are within sight of home, and he wil at length entertain us into those Mansions which he is gone to prepare for us, *Ioh. 14. 3.*

5. To set our minds and hearts upon Heaven. Travellers do not much mind mens sayings or doings by the way: they hear some chiding, see others dancing, others building, others plowing; they may perhaps cast some light glance upon them, but

these they do not heed much, as your clients in Term time, going to *Westminster*, do not much mind whom they meet, or whom they pass by, they have other business in their heads; *Animus vere pius, non vacat ad laudes & opprobria*, a truly pious mind should not be at leisure to think of any thing, but its Country; our desires should still run upon home, our conversation should be in Heaven, our earnest groaning should be to be clothed upon with that house; there is our treasure, there should our hearts be also: when *Nehemiah* was in the King of *Persia's* Pallace, yet his heart was at *Jerusalem*, and *Daniel* opened his windows towards it every day, when he was in *Babylon*: why should not we spend our best meditations upon our *Jerusalem* which is above? why should not we open our eyes, the windows of our souls, and cast them upon our Heavenly *Canaan*, at least once every day, as *Moses* on *Nebo* did once upon that earthly one: and so with those worthies mentioned in the *Hebrews*, declare plainly that we seek a Country, *A City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God*: and that the rather because

2. Concluf. *The days of this our Pilgrimage are but few*: Hence it is, that our life is compared to things of the shortest continuance; by *James* 4. 14. to a *Vapour that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away*. By *H Ezekiah*, *Isa.* 38. 12. to a *Shepherds Tent*, set up for a night, whose cords perhaps are slack'd the next day, and the covering folded up: By *David*, to a flying shadow, *Psal.* 102. 11. To a fading flower, which grows up and is green in the morning; but is cut down, dryed up, and wither-

withered in the evening, *Psal.* 90. 5. 6. To a morning dream, which is as soon ended as begun, *Psal.* 73. 20. To a tale that is told, or a short meditation, *Psal.* 90. 9. To dust that is blown away with every blast, *Psal.* 103. 14. To a wind that passeth away and cometh not again, *Psal.* 78. 39. By *Job*, to the motions of a Weavers Shuttle, *Job* 7. 6. to the riding of a Post, to the Sayling of a Ship, to the flying of an Eagle when she hasteth to the prey, *Job* 9. 25. 26. The Holy Ghost hath picked out all the choicest similitudes, whereby to express our momentary condition, and if there had been any other, more emphatical, tis like he would have used it.

Hence it is also that *Jacob* in this place calls the years of his life but days, *The days of the years of my Pilgrimage*: he reckoned them but days, not by longer measure, on purpose to signifie the shortness of them; And hence it is also, that the book of the Chronicles, where the ages, Raigns and successions of all the Kings of *Israel* and *Judah*, are set down, is called but *verba dierum*, words of days.

Nay indeed our whole life, is but as one day, and therefore our Saviour wils us to work while it is day, that is while we are alive, the night will come, the bell of our evening song will tole ere long, and then its past working time, *Job.* 9. 4.

One reason of this, may be taken from the matter whereof, we be made, and whereon we consist, and that is Earth: Tabernacles you know are soon taken down or overthrown, because they are but a covering, they have no foundation to settle upon, so saies *Eliphaz* of our bodies, they are houses of

clay; whose foundation is in the dust; *Job. 4. 19.* a clay cottage; if it were well underpind, and had a good groundfil, it might last a pretty while, but having no better materials, no stronger foundation, no marvel if they so soon moulder away: and that matter likewise is compounded of contraries, one continually fighting against another: now a Kingdom or a house thus divided, cannot long continue.

2. To this we may add the many enemies that do beleagure us: there are a thousand ways to goe out of the world, though but one to come in; so that many a mans candle is blown out before it burn to the socket, many an apple plucked off, before it be ripe: not one of a thousand hath the thred of his life drawn out to the full length, according to the course of nature. The goodliness of all flesh is like the flower of the field, *Isa. 40. 6.* not of the garden, exposed to all hardships and hazards whatsoever.

3. God in his wise providence, hath set such limits unto our age least we should grow into extremities, as namely, into extremity of sinning: in the beginning of the world, men were more upright and innocent; and then God lent them a longer time; but afterward when iniquity began to abound he decreed to shorten their days, least sin should be out of measure sinful: *Thou hast set our iniquity before thee,* saith Moses to God, *Psal. 90. 8.* and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance: and then it follows, *our days are passed away in thy wrath, even as a tale that is told; and our yeers are but threescore and ten:* And our blessed Saviour foretelling his Disciples what persecution should befall them, says unless those days of persecution should be shortened

no flesh should be saved, *Mat. 24. 22.* there would be no living in the world, the malice of their enemies would know neither bank nor bottom, would not keep within any bounds.

There would be likewise extremities of miseries if men should live always in the world, if our days indeed were good, the more they were, we might be the merrier; but seeing they are so miserable, its well that God in his mercy hath made them so few. Do but think with your selves, if *Adam* and *Eve*, our first Parents, had been tyed to have lived until this day, whether they would not have been the most miserable couple that ever lived, they should have had a share in all the calamities that have light upon the world, God therefore out of his goodness will shorten our days, the sooner to put an end to our sorrows.

Object. Some perhaps will here think, that our life is not so short as we make it, seeing many live till they be Seventy or Eighty years old; which seems to be a long time.

Answ. To whom I answer, that yet this is nothing in comparison of Eternity: a thousand years with God are but as one day; nay, it is nothing in comparison of the time that the Fathers lived before the Flood, to which it seems, *Jacob* in this place had reference, though he were an hundred and thirty years old, yet saith he, *I have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my Fathers: In the days of their Pilgrimage: some whereof lived seven, some eight, some nine hundred years and upwards: Nay of that small pittance of life which we have, there is a great part of it, which deserves not the name: As the time,*

1. Of sleeping, thats but a short kind of death;

as anger is a short fury, and their names are promiscuously used. Our friend *Lazarus* sleepeeth: *Awake thou that sleepest, and stand up from the dead*: I found him dead said *Epaminondas*, when he slew the sleeping *Sentinal*, and I left him dead: and this time is well nigh the third part of our lives: *Vita* *fur malus ille nra*, saith *Martial* of sleep.

2. Of Child-hood and Old-age, *Homo est fatuus usq; ad annum quadragesimum*, deinde ubi novit se esse fatuum, *vita consumpti est*, said *Luther*, its long before a man begin to live, *childhood and youth are vanity*, *Eccl.* 11. 10. and when he grows in yeers he dies dayly, as the old man *Alexis*, in *Stobaeus*, going easily upon his staff, said to one that asked him, whether he went, *pedetentem morior*, I am going step by step into my grave.

3. Of Eating and drinking, these are a repairing, not an injoying of nature, and yet how much is bestowed in these reparations, *Isa.* 5. 11. The *Germans* live as they pronounce, *vivere* and *bibere*, with them is all one thing, and if we ply our liquor as we begin, they are like to lose their Charter: and how many rich gluttons are there among us, who fair deliciously every day, and so every day lose so much more of their life, howsoever usually this time is one part of twelve.

4. Of Recreations, *Amici diem perdidimus*, said he, my friends we have lost the day, which we spent in idleness; yet how many stand all the day idle.

5. Of Sining, *Ep.* 2. 1. *You hath he quickened who were dead in sins and trespasses*, saith *Paul* to his *Ephesians*, and he tells *Timothy*, *That a widow that lives, in pleasures, is dead whiles she lives*, *1 Tim.* 5. 6.

6. Of Sicknes or suffering, *non est vita vivere sed valere*,

valere, to live is not to be, but to be well; we say of some delights that a man cannot live without them: *Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul*, saith *Job 3. 20.* as if he should say, he had as good be without it, and speaking of the day of his birth, which was the beginning of his misery, *vers. 6.* *Let not that*, saith he, *be joyed unto the days of the years, let it not come within the number of the Months*: and *Noahs Ark* wherein he was imprisoned, is called his Coffin, or his ten Months Sepulchre, and the men in Hell are said to die the death, to wit, because of their sufferings, though there shall be alway a conjunction of soul and body in them;

Now when all this is abstracted, after all these deductions, from the time of our life, that which remains, will be little or nothing, our days will be shrunk into a narrow compass.

The meditation of the shortness of our lives, this fewness of our days, will be useful to teach us.

1. *Use.* Not to be too much taken with the things of this world: Not with Honours, when *Samuel* was to annoint *Saul*, God gave him for a sign that he would have him for a Prince over his people, that as soon as he was gone from him, he should find two men neer unto *Rachels* Sepulchre, 1 *Sam. 10. 2.* God might have given him some other sign; but he chose rather to give him this, it may be to quel the pride and haughtiness of his new preferment, that the ashes of so fair a creature as *Rachel* was, should mind him what he should be afterward. Not with wives and children; these which are now the pleasures of thine eyes, shall shortly be loathsome and stinking carcases, insomuch that *Abraham* shall
desire

desire that his beloved *Sarah* might be buried out of his sight, that he may not behold her: and therefore *Isaac* on the night of his Nuptials, placed his wives bed in the Chamber where his Mother did dye, to temper their Nuptial delights with the remembrance of death, *Gen. 24. 67.* *Are these the things ye look upon,* said Christ to his Disciples, when they told him of the goodly buildings of the Temple: there shall not be left one stone upon another, which shall not be thrown down; so do ye look upon the world, and the glory and beauty and pleasure in it; these you must soon part withal, the time is short, as *Paul* saith, *1 Cor. 7. 29.* and *Esau* excuseth the selling of his Birth-right, because he saw his death was so nigh: *I am at the point to die* (saith he) *and what good will this Birth-right do me,* *Gen. 25. 32.* so shalt thou say ere long, of all the Titles, the houses, the riches, the relations thou enjoyest: *let therefore those that have wives, be as though they had none, those that buy as though they possessed not, those that use this world as not abusing it, modicum & non videbimur:* a little while and we shall not be seen, our places shall know us no more.

2. Not to be too much cast down with adversities, if our affliction be great, it shall be but short: *Sigravis, brevis,* though it hold out to the end of our life, yet this will not be long: with this you may comfort your selves in all your troubles, tarry and wait the Lords leisure a very little, and he that shall come wil come, and wil not tarry, though the way of your Pilgrimage be tedious and wearisom, yet the days thereof are but few.

3. Not to make our lives shorter, by neglect or abuses of them: a man may speak as much in few words

words as in many, and a man my live more in a day then another doth in a yeer: our life consists in action, so much as we doe, so much do we live, and so much of our life as is unprofitable, so much of our life death possesseth: take heed therefore of melting away so many hours in pleasure: *he that lives in pleasure is dead while he lives*, though he thinks with the *Italians*, that onely he and such as himself know how to live, 1 Tim. 4. 6.

4. Not to defer our repentance, our turning to him who is our life, & the length of our days, *Deu. 30. 20* to him who is *the resurrection and the life*, *Joh. 11. 25* seeing our time is so short: there were certain fools in *Pauls* time, that said, *Let us eat & drink for to morrow we shal die*; of the same humor is the Devil, who hath great wrath, because his time is short; but the holy Apostle made no such consequence, but the contrary, *Let us awake to live righteously, and cease to sin*, 1 Cor. 15. 34. and 'tis the misery of these times also, though we all row forward to deaths shore; yet like Watermen we look backward, we dare not look death in the face, nor trouble our selves with thinking of it: It may seize upon us before we be aware. Old and young, like *Peter* and *John*, we both run to the Sepulchre, our life is a race thither, and sometimes *John* the younger, out-runs *Peter*, and comes first to it.

God may take you away, while you are in the heat and fury of your youth, and while your wanton blood boils in your veins, therefore what manner of men ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, how should we with *Job* 14. 14. *All the days of our appointed time, wait till the change come.*

C

3. Coucl.

3. *Conclus.* So we have done with the second Conclusion, *The days of our Pilgrimage are but few*: few in comparison of Eternity, of the first fathers, and few in themselves, the greatest part being diverted, and otherwise employed, and it were well that the old Text were bound up in a lesser and better Volume, their silver changed into gold: if our lives as shorter, so were happier then theirs, but it is not so with us; *even these few days of our Pilgrimage are also evil.* which is our third conclusion, as there is want of days, so store of miseries. *Iob* who was well seen in this Theme, ties these two conclusions both together, *Job 9. 25. My days are swifter then a Post, they fly away, and they see no good;* and as of himself, so of other men; *Job 14. 1. Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble:* If we look upon *Jacob*, we shall find him a very Map of misery, experience he had of many wearisome winters, in his younger years in his Fathers house, he lived in continual fear of his brother *Esau*, and at last was forced to fly the country, afterwards he endured a long and hard service under his Uncle *Laban*, who changed his wages ten times in the day the draught consumed him, and the frost by night: and then had a trick put upon him in his marriage: heard every day the bitter contentions and emulations of his wives; when he comes home the first welcome is the death of his *Rachel*: then follows the news how his *Joseph* was devoured, that *Dinah* was deflowered, that *Simon* and *Levi* had murdered the *Shechemites*, that *Ruben* had defiled his own bed: I might tell you likewise of *David* and all his troubles as he calls them, *Psal. 132. 1.* But why should I instance in two or three, as if it were
not

not a common condition, every man is a *Benoni*, a son of sorrow: It is a lot which every one must draw in their course, every man hath his task of affliction. We come weeping into the world, tears are the first presage of our future conditron; *Nundum loquiter infans* (saith Austin) & *tamen prophetat*; Tears are our first Rhetorique, before we can speak we prophesie, and by a dumb kind of divination, wail out the story of our after life. And when we have done our lives, we go weeping or groaning out, our *Genesis* and our *Exodus*, our entrance and our ending do both agree: Nor is that little point of time that runs betwixt these, any whit happier. Our life, as you hear before, is a Pilgrimage, subject to colds and draughts, exposed to dangers of beasts and robbers, and a thousand such like, a continual warfare upon Earth, where we are encompassed with enemies: a Navigation, calamity follows upon calamity, as one wave treads upon the heel of another: a very Babylonish captivity, *The days of our age threescore years & ten*, saith the Psalmist, and just so long lasted the captivity of *Israel*; We have sold our selves for nought as slaves, and the world is no better then an house of correction, where every one of us is set to his labour, and every one of us must look for his stripes, no state or condition of man is exempted; even Kings Crowns are so full of cares, that if a man knew them indeed, he would not take one up, though he found it lying upon the ground.

The life of the Student, which some account a fair idle life, is called by *Solomon* a sore travail, *Ec.* 1. 13, which God hath given to the sons of men, to exercise or to afflict them withal, as it is in the

Margent, and *verse 18.* *He that encreaseth knowledge encreaseth sorrow*, much sorrow and vexation it costs before he have got it, and when he hath got it, it brings many with it; a wise man finds many defects, foresees his miseries, and so makes them longer can look into all the corners of them, and knows how to aggravate them; he sees many things amis at home and abroad which he is unable to remedy, and so increaseth his sorrow.

And for your Mechanical callings, you are always complaining either of scarcity or deadnesse of trading, or heaviness of taxes, or failing of your debtors, or of some one thing or other,

The wicked have their evil days, many an Aguish fit, many an inward gripe, and grudging, many a spice of that burning feaver that waits them in Hell.

The Righteous they also have their evil days: days of temptation, wherein they are to wrestle with Principalities and Powers, days of spiritual desertion, when by their sins they have caused God to hide his face from them: days of troubles and oppressions from the world. And all these so many, that if a man for all the good days, should lay down so many white stones, and for all the bad ones, so many black ones: when we come to cast up the reckoning, we should find the number of the black ones, to exceed the white, such a thing is our life, as a man would not take it, if he knew what it were before he took it; if he were to chuse, he would not buy his being upon such conditions: one cries with the *Shunamites* son, My head, my head,

head, another with the Ptophet, my belly, my belly; another with *Asa*, complains of his feet; another with *Ezekias* of his sore in the body; another with *Esau*, of his hunger; one with *David*, my son my son; another with *Elisha*, my Father, my Father; one with *Job* complains of an ill wife; another with *Abigail*, of a churlish Husband, another with *Joseph*, of unmerciful brethren: And the reason of all this, why the Lord lays this mustard, these bitters, upon the Teats of this world, is, least we should hang too much upon them; he sends dashing showrs, and rainy weather, to make us hasten our journey, for if our way were fair and good, we would loyter in our journey, sit us down and hold chat, and so perhaps be benighted; if all things here went well with us and to our likeing, we should go neer with the fool in the Gospel, to sing a requiem to our souls, here set up our rest, and say with *Peter*, *it is good being here*: God therefore in great wisdom having appointed man to a more excellent happinesse, hath mixed all our sweet cups, with bitter ingredients, that so we might sipple more sparingly of them, and seek elsewhere for our happinesse: He sees how we are wedded to the world, and have our hearts glued to it, and how we could be content to sit down by its fleshpots, and therefore he will have us here beaten and evil intreated, to make us long for that land, where *flows milk and honey*; he will have the waters of troubles overflow all things below, that with *Noahs* Dove, finding no rest for the soals of our feet here, we might betake our selves to the Ark, and fly as a bird unto God, the hill of our refuge; When the Heathen had

suffered Shipwrack of all his estate; Well fortune, saith he, now I perceive thou wouldst have me become a Philosopher: By all these things God would have us to become Christians indeed, and to mind Heavenly things.

1. *Use*, The consideration of these evil days, may serve to strike a terror into the hearts of impenitents for these are but the beginning of their sorrows, who do dye in their sins.

The day of Judgement is most properly called the evil day, and that night of eternity that follows upon it: The night, *John 9. 4.* in this life the wicked have now and then some twilight of comfort but after this life, there shall be a perfect midnight, no glimmering of light, no sun to rise any more upon them. The clouds of Gods anger, are now but in gathering, but then the great deeps shall be broken up, and shall overflow them: The days of this life, though they be miserable, yet they are but few, and that is some help, but that help is not there to be had, *Remember the days of darkness for they are many, Eccl. 11. 8.* Nay, they are infinite, they shall never have end: Therefore I say with *Solomon, Remember these days; break off thy sins by righteousness, and take hold of him who is our peace*, otherwise there is not the least of thy troubles, but it is a certain earnest and pledge of thy everlasting torments.

2. *Use*, Let all the children of God learn to make that use of the evils of this present life, that God doth intend by them.

To long and breath after that State and Place, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes; as that

that son that endures misery in a far country, doth with the Prodigal, long to be at his fathers house : That Marriner that is tossed and tumbled betwixt winds and waves striving for him, longs to be at the Haven, as the wounded Hart brays for, and seeks after the water Brooks, as the watchman waits for the morning, as the Captive or Prisoner doth sigh for deliverance, that which home is to the Travel-ler, what the Haven is to the Marriner, what wa-ter to the panting Hart, what the morning to the watchman, what redemption is to the captive, that is Heaven to the soul that is in misery.

Never therefore read or hear that promise of our Saviour, *Behold I come shortly, and surely I come quick-ly* ; but let the troubles that here molest and disquiet thee, cause thee to take up that fervent acclama-tion, Amen, *Even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

FINIS.

Epicedium

Upon the death of the most worthy
 Lady, *Susanna Reynolds* (Wife
 to the Honorable Commissary-
 General *Reynolds*) who dyed at
Wanstead House, Jan. 8. 1654.

T Is hard now not to write, if Ink were scant
 Or failed now, Tears might supply that want.
Zac. 11. 2. Let Fir trees howl, at this sweet Cedars fall,
 Let dry and withered ones, this Funeral,
 Attend with fear, and what's to the green on done,
 Observe with trembling, shall this radiant Sun
 Go unlamented down? Oh no, the loss
 Is Universal, and this stroak a Cross,
Psal. 43. 9 To the whole world; which by her loss now wants
and 75. 3. A Shield and Pillar; for such are the Saints
 Unto the tottering Earth, to ward off blows,
 Bear burthens, and prevent sad overthrows;
 Who ever heard her name in time of life,
 In either state of Virgin, or of Wife;
 But with th' Appendix of the highest praise:
 A strife t'wixt Grace and Nature, which should raise
 Her most, was visible unto those few,
 Who had the glory of a nearer view:
 Her far fam'd worth did touch all ears and hearts,
 With love and wonder; Virtue, Person, Parts,
 Deport-

Deportment, Wisdom, Sweetness, all combin'd,
 To conquer every Nobler heart and mind.
 And who hath heard she's dead, without a grief,
 And horror, such as scarce admits relief;
 Her early, too too early loss of breath,
 Gives all our joys an Universal death.
 And yet, nor sighs nor tears this equal can,
 Although our eyes out flow the Ocean.
 In this one instance see the truth of all
 Those Sacred Similes, that speak mans fall;
 His life is likened to a Vapour vain,
 To Shepherds Booth, soon up and down again.
 To flying shadows, To a fading flower,
 Grows up, is green, pluck't withered in an hour.
 To dreams ith' morning, ended ere begun,
 To a short stories Race, that's quickly run.
 To Dust that's blown away with every blast,
 To Wind that goes and comes no more in hast:
 To Weavers Shuttle moving fast away,
 To flying Eagles, hasting to the prey,
 To the swift sayling Ships, that hasten most;
 To the swift riding of a winged Post.
 All these made good in one so justly dear;
 May fill Survivors hearts with care and Fear.

To her worthy Husband.

Y' have lost your softest, sweetest half, a part
 Is rent from off that Cawl that hides your heart:
 How great's your loss? You but begun to know,
 What you to God; for such a Mate did owe.
 The Throne of Beauty seated in her Face,
 Loves Loadstone, in her pure and peerless grace,

A Soul so full of that diviner flame,
 Of love (next God) to you, Oh love her Name,
 Her name and memory. And love the Lord,
 Who once (though but a while) was pleas'd t' afford
 And lend you such a Jewel, but few such
 Do shine on Earth; all th' earth will say as much.
 And now She shines above, behold her there,
 By Faith, and follow her, up to that Sphære,
 Where centred both in him, whom we adore,
 You'll meet e're long, neer to be parted more.

To her Noble Parents.

Y' have lost part of your selves, a Child, a Friend,
 The seed of fairest hopes, which might extend
 To after times, in her your selves set forth,
 In a new Volume, the same Grace and worth;
 Might to the world and Saints, have lived still,
 When Heaven your souls, and earth your bodies fill:
 But why do thoughts 'gainst him arise and mount
 Who of his matters giveth no account:
 Death like the Serpent's dicted and must
 Meddle no further, onely feed on dust:
 And give up that at last, as he that's bold,
 To chop up morsels, too too hot to hold,
 That part which you were Organs to convey,
 Shall be restored in that glorious day.

To her Brethren and onely Sister.

Y' have lost your selves repeated and no less,
 A loss then of a Glass, wherein to dress,

Your

Your souls; you still might learn, a staff, a stay,
 She might have prov'd to you another day:
 Y' have lost a Right hand and a Non-such friend
 When once your precious Parents days shall end.
 Strive to make up this Breach, Strive to exceed,
 Excel your selves in every worthy Deed.
 Resemble her that's gone, pray to inherit,
 A double portion of your Sisters Spirit.

Sic deservit, Hodieq; deslet.

Thomas Harison.

In Excellentissimam, & Charis-
simam, Dom. Susannam
Reynolds.

Sic Flevit, H. P.

HEr matchless worth had I not known;
 My rustick Reed had never blown;
 But cause I knew this *Phenix* well,
 My Tit-mouse joyns with *Philomel*:
 And though unskill'd in *Sol, Fa, Re,*
 Can bear a part in *Lachrima.*

The little Spanlet of her life
 She past a Child, a Maid, a Wife:
 The first was such a lovely story,
 Her Parents had that joy, that glory;
 So sweet it was, that they can tell,
 Obedience beyond Paralel:
 She could subscribe with guileless breath
 Obedient Daughter unto death:
 There needed not a Fathers frown,
 Or Mothers lowrings to take down
 An awless Spirit, where an eye,
 Or hint commanded Loyalty.
 (Deer heart) so anxious to obey,
 She grew all duty (as some say)
 She carryed duty, or it her,
 Unto the Grave, if I don't erre.

A Virgin so unsoild, so chaste,
 That to bee a Wife she made no hast;

Such

Such vertue lay in Beauty hid,
 That all absurd attempts forbid.
 Honour and Greatness came a wooing,
 And Riches offer'd to be dooing;
 But in her bosome find's no place,
 It was so taken up with Grace.
 Curled Locks, and powdered Loyns,
 The Votaries to Beauties shrines:
 Painted Puppets, and fine things
 Like men, with Watches and with Rings,
 Presenting Love in Ryme and Prose,
 Were answered, I will none of those
 Unless I meant to see some feats,
 Playd by *Baboons* or *Marmosets*.

At length her Nobler thoughts she plac'd
 On one whom Heaven and Earth had grac'd;
 But how like to a Rock she stood,
 'Gainst Waves and Seas to make vows good,
 And how through thick, thin, hot and cold,
 She travel'd, and through ways untold.
 And how her worth did swim above,
 Frowns and disdains to answer love;
 Yea how withal she did contest,
 To gain a long'd for short-liv'd rest,
 Must be the work of a Steel'd Pen,
 I can but weep it ore agen.

A Wife she is: Oh give me back
 That word agen! though words I lack,
 To tell how good she was, and yet,
 Whether a Wife, I ev'n forget;
 For ere the Sun had run its round,
 Nor Child, nor Maid, nor Wife was found:.

But dainty Dust, layd up in Clay,
Onely (Deer Shade) this must I say.

Religion and not Phancical,
Prudence and meekness not formal.
And faithfulness without deceit,
A spirit most humble, and as great ;
Birth worth, and sweetness met in thee,
All strove for place, yet all agree ;
But what of these ? Alas she dies :
Let other Muses write, mine cries.

For sorrows tears drop not from Pens (blest *Sue*)
• But hearts and eyes, Adew, adew, adew.

H. P.

In Conjugalem Amicitiam

JOHANNIS }
 SUSANNAE } REYNOLDS

I Ask no Musè's help to write,
 Nor yet of Venus flame or light.
 My Fancie's mov'd by Nobler love,
 Such as virtuous minds approve.

Beauties fair colour, and its Shape,
 Is Natures gift, or Natures Ape.
 By love, which of two Souls made one,
 Two Spirits composition;
 And Friendships Sacred Bond so knit,
 Death's Sword alone, could sever it.

Pythagoras and Plato may
 Of Scepticks eas'ly gain the day.
 Old Poets some blind Prophets call,
 Since love's become Ethereall.
 Our Gospel ground-work, and no less,
 Then hearts enjoyments, as we guess,
 More of Souls love, I can't reherse,
 In tear's Flood, ends my Swan-like Verse.

In

In obitum Susannæ Piissimæ Sponsæ magnanimi illius Renoldi Exercitus imperialis Commissarii publici: Sic allocutus est conjux.

Quo cuius infelix, nunquam sat flebile fatum?
 Non mala sat sentis nisi sis sub pondere stratus?
 Connubiine diem celer es celebrare reversum?
 Festinant nimium dicis tua carbasa ventis.
 En quid habet thalamus? Lectum mors occupat atra.
 Quid facis ah Fatum? Cujus præcordia rumpis?
 Clepsydra quid properas graciles diffundere arenas,
 Quid peragis; viduum gaza de ludere mundum;
 Te nihil attenuit, qui tantis emicat ignis
 Ingenii radiis? Te nil tot fulgura mentis:
 Nil pietas, nil cara fides; nil inclyta virtus:
 Eximius candor nil; nobilitasq; parentam:
 Suadet, ut infaustum poteris divertere telum?
 Parcarum quid sunt nisi nomina vana recenses;
 Parcere quæ nostræ nondum didicere Renolda.
 Si pietatis opus, Si quid pia numina Spectant:
 Omnia circumstant. Nec defunt semina vita
 Ne scia sola ne cis: quæ Sanctâ pascitur aurâ,
 Possumus interne nullum mortale videre;
 Sed quod ad huc maneat post vani tempora mundi.
 Creditur eterni hominem vixisse diebus,
 Si deerant macula. Quæ sunt hoc pectore menda?
 Pulchra Venus neros circumtulit: Inclyta nullas,
 Continet Hac forces animo ut sic corpore pura.
 Mors injussa venit, non est tibi lata potestas;
 Ut sponsa dirimas. In me convertito telum.
 Quid facis ah! jaculi si sit, mea pectora tentet;

Ad

Adsum qui morior, me, me, tua spicula sternant.
Siccine faminto gaudes vicisse triumpho:
Siccine delicias nostri prosterne amoris:
Viscera quid solitas servatis corpore sedes:
Turgida quid fugiant cordis ligamina rupta:
Quid rutilas oculos? extinguatur luminis ignis:
Vel si gratus eris Domino sis fletibus apia signis:
Vivere quid valeat: pereunt cum gaudia vita:
Vita, corona, decus, summi quoque gloria vocis:
Interit. Ah! possis non atq; marito perire ad idem:
Et juvat, & possum, poteris nec morte revelli.
Te sequar o conjux: tumulo tumulabimur uno.
Et quæ vita negat tumulo solatia carpat,
Dixit: & innexa harenæ cervicem lacerat,
Fam moriturus erat, dilapsam luctibus istis:
Sustentat sponsa Genus, Charissime, dicit,
Salve; qualis amor, dolor, aut quæ gratia rara,
Impulsi: ut secum, me sub discrimine tanto
Queras? ab conjux tua sum, tua dicar, oportet,
Exanimata licet. Te per lata æquora actum
Quæsi: cupiens junctissima junctior esse.
Oras, nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen,
Implerunt gemitus. Quorum suspiria corpus.
Orbantur animâ. Christi quæ brachia versus
Tendit cui solo sis conjux chare secundus.
Cujus ob amplexus sperno tot gaudia terra.
Ipse mihi Sponsus: propera. Mi Chare, valeto
Terrea terrenis liceant, magnalia capto.
Surge, age, da plausus lugubres exne vestes:
Die Calis Christum Terris me habuisse Renoldum
Hoc juvat Angelici resonent connubia carus
Jo Christe veni decoratum suscipe sponsum:
Lata dies Fani terrâ calisq; benigna;

Postera me terris junxit, non sume calat.
 Postera erat fata, hoc sed felicitas illa.
 Talia fata, fugit, Sed non revocanda vocatur.
 Sponsa mane, Sponsumq, tuum lato ore saluta.
 Que servare potes, num In cruciabis amantem?
 Plura dolor prohibet. Sed junctis corpore pennis
 Illa fugit: Christi tenerissq, amplectitur ulnis.
 Qua discessa tegit masto velamine vultus,
 Cordiq, tantorum quorum sit digna parentum,
 Qua libet hand potius miseras mens, discere luctus
 Et patris, matrisq, sue, fratrumq, sororis,
 Conjugis at fixum remanet sub pectore vulnus;
 Formam quod violas, maciemq, in corpore fecit.
 Nec studiosus amor fuit hic de mora parentum:
 (Si quis enim reliquas) tanta sit digna doloris.
 Sic quoties ponto properat Sal lucidus alta
 Discessu fuscum Nax induit atra colorem;
 Sed valeant planctus, valeant suspiria, nosmet
 Dilata prope Sat agamus jungere Christo.

Sub umbrâ conjugis pietissimi
 Sic flevis.

J. M:

Epitaphium.

Vivere non volui; Potui nec fato salire:
 Me trahit hinc sponsus; me trahit inde Deus?
 Est Mihi sponsus amans; mihi sunt chariq, parentes;
 Omnibus ac melior Tu mihi Christe, veni.

A

*A Funeral Elogie on the death
of his Dear Sister Mrs
Susanna Reynolds.*

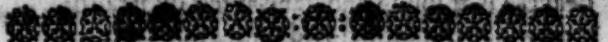
WHat meant your dim ey'd *Moralists* to praise
 The home-spun virtues of their former days.
 Or what vain Poets when they Deifie
 Their gay clothed Nature with Eternity,
 Had they but seen thy life and fall
 They'd burn their Books, and turn *Atheistical*.
 Away Bablers, here you all may see
 Your Goddesse stained with Mortality.
 Here's Constance, Prudence, every Deity
 Enthrall'd by death, as much as Piety.
 Here's Greatness, Goodness, or what ere you term
 Your *Summum Bonum* found so be infirm.
 Your active virtues in its operation
 Hath found an exile by Imposthumation:
 Nay more, here's Heavens joy and Bards delight
 Robb'd of her being, stole away by night.
 O Covetous Jales thus to impropriate
 The worlds treasure to your own estate,
 Stand off prophane Orgies, weel lament
 Our saddest loss in love call'd penitent,
 Since that our joy center'd in one
 Our loss admits no consolation:
 Yet glorious is that Loadstone, sweet that love
 That thus extracts her soul for joys above.
 Unhallowed conversations disagree
 With her whose Element is Piety.

If that an Inquest on her lives accompt (moun
 Had but been made, you might have found her
 Each day degrees, first in affectation,
 And then in a spiritual conversation.
 Long since she was above, and now shee's gon,
 To take compleat possession
 Not that she wanted here, blind fortune nere
 Was more propitious to the worlds Heir.
 To say shee's blest is yain, tis but to croud,
 Her vast enjoyments, in a breathed Cloud.
 Thus weak ey'd Mortals cannot well descry
 In bodies chain'd, her state and gallantry
 Yet if the curious fancy dives to know
 Her further Bliss, then let him go;
 For only vision can describe the story
 Of her Immence, Eternal weight and glory
 Yet whilest we see what she contain'd, we guess
 Her portions great, that count'd this the less.
 She to Christ Coll's gon, where Saints commerce
 Where Christ & such blest souls take sweet converse.

Whose third of life, Nature so finely spun

It burst asunder whilst the Glass did run.

Sic fleuit Hen. Milden.



*A sad Memorial on the much lament-
 ed death of the Right Virtuous La-
 dy, SUSANNA REY-
 NOLDS, Wife to the Honou-
 rable minded Commander, Com-
 Gen. REYNOLDS, who ex-
 changed her frailty for a Crown of
 Immortality, Anno, 1654.*

JAM CHRISTI SPONSA.

PHOENIX MORIENDO REVIVISCIT.

Hence true Adorements, let Us see no more,
 Of Mortal favours, set upon your Score;
 Droop, droop Spectators, Canopy each face,
 While Tears like Floods run their Curranto race,
 If that you did but rightly understand
 This losse of losses, you would straight command
 If that it lay within your reach, that all
 That Virtue does bestow might have a fall,
 Had we not better see that Precious Gold
 No sooner kept, but quickly turn'd to Mold:
 Alasse we Mortals like the Flower are rost,
 No sooner blown upon but we are lost,
 It is no wonder, nor admir't as strange
 That Sublunary things must have a change;
 Observ't, that fatal death strikes at the best,
 And Goodnesse here can never be at rest
 Whilest Rarenesse strives for to preserve it self

Leaves Us at losse, and gains it self by stealth,
 And which is most belov'd doth glide away.
 And turn our joys into a mournfull day.
 Now speak your Minds freely, can you not weep,
 This losse wil make a Heart of Stone to break,
 Could greater Virtue have sustain'd suspense,
 By gashly Deaths overture and offence.
 Come to her Shrine, bring Tears and not a Bow,
Astraea never left this Earth til now,
 Grace, Wildom, all Perfections deer
 Accomplish't fully in her Hemisphere,
 Where e're she went, she had attractive force,
 Her Love so Vocal was, struck others hoarse:
 Each one that knows her, if they had but sence
 To value Candor to its full commence,
 Must deeply mourn, and say that she is gone
 And left all goodnesse here to be forlorn.
 Superiors, Equals, all thy losse lament,
 Not so much Thine, as their own losse resent:
 Oft as thy Spouse repairs to his Widdowed Bed,
 And misses that on which affection fed,
 He straightway sighs, and bids the World farewell,
 As not meet for his future love do dwell:
 All with one joint consent of Tears now strive,
 T'Embalm that Hearse, which th'honour'd whil'st
 But what may Tears do, those poor Rivulets (alive,
 Are but dumb Orators, where Death besets:
 But what hath death gain'd, since thy Virtues live,
 Which from thy Allies would thy Name revive
 Were that dead with Thee, and convey thy Soul
 Beyond the utmost Stars, and farthest Pole,
 Thy native home, from whence thou first was sent,
 To be to Us a lasting Monument
 Who in thy Marble, may read here doth lie
 (For our example) Faith, Hope, Charity.

Virgins

Virgins lament your Youth and Beauties gone,
 The Mirror of your Sex is fled alone,
 Ladies bemoan your Nuptials for here lies,
 Of Married couples, the sad Sacrifice,
 Who taking farewell of Her Friends took flight
 To Heav'n, and bad the world, and her dear Spouse
 (good night.

Y' are all but common Mourners then, 'tis Thou
 Chief Mourner (Noble *Reynolds*) we allow,
 Thou that hast smil'd on Death in open Field,
 And dar'd his worst, nay, boldly made him yeeld.
 Yet here ar't conquer'd, mourn, the mourn no more
 Mourn thy high losse in her, mourn not her store
 Of joys, exchang'd for under-valued Dross,
 Who Triumphs in the Crown of her last Cross,
 The wreath, and Palm of Peace impale Her head.
 She lives & triumphs, though ore come and dead.

HER EPITAPH.

Virgins, Matrons Come
 Enter this Cold Roome :
 Search, and finde, and See
 Loves Epitomie,
 Stay, and learn, This Enclas'd Clay
 With certain Hope waites for the Day
 Of Joy, That never shall decay.
 When This Precious Urn
 Teilds up His return,
 When these Ashes shall
 Quit their Funerall,
 In Triumph you shall Then Behold
 This Earth Clad in Celestiall Gold
 With all the Blessed Saints inrow'd.

In obitum Clarissimæ Dominæ Susannæ
Reynolds, quæ in Domino placidè ob-
dormivit, octavo Januarii An. 1654.
Carmen.

Corripit urna capax Susannam stemmate claram
Insignem meritis, Eusibiesq; decus.
*Hæc minor! neq; enim foreitrum, nec Cymba Charontis,
Nec Mausoleum hanc continuisse potest.
Quod cecidit pulvis fuit, atq; umbratile corpus:
Cui regmen tellus sesquipedale dedit.
Enthëa sed Psyche peritura nescia sortis
Mortæ ut triumphat, regnat in arce poli.
Parca quid infans? dum non vis parcere, habenda
Præda in perpetuum spes tibi nulla manet.
Prima locum Sanctas Heroïdas inter habebat,
Nunc tam corporeâ hic obruta mole fuit
At nunc egregiis Susanna decora trophæis
Fulget, & æternæ præmia pacis habet
Parce Hyperaspistes Lachrymis, Raynolde, triumphis
Pluribus insignis, Parce, Precor, Lachrymis.
Christus Agonothetes prohibet, nam clara brachia
In Thalami sociam contulit ille tui.
Ambo victores, ambo Pæana Canatis
Latus amœbæos reddat uterque sonos.
Et vestras serpent inter mea Carmina lauros
Si vobis munus tam levïdè se placet.*

P. A.

FINIS.

7